

The second part of

Host. Gods blessing of your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

Falst. Didst thou heare me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadshil, you knew I was at your backe, and spoke it, on purpose to trie my patience.

Falst. No, no, no, not so, I did not thinke thou wast within hearing.

Prince I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Falst. No abuse Hall a mine honour, no abuse.

Prince Not to dispraise me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse Hall.

Poynes No abuse?

Falst. No abuse Ned i'th worlde, honest Ned, none, I dispraisde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true subiect, and thy father is to giue me thanks for it, no abuse Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince See now whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with vs: is she of the wicked, is thine hostesse here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest Bardolfe whose zeal burnes in his nose of the wicked?

Poynes Answer thou dead elme, answer.

Falst. The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but rost inault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

Prince For the weomen.

Falst. For one of them shees in hell already, and burnes poore soules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether she be damnd for that I know not.

Host

Henry the fourth.

Host. No I warrant you.

Falst. No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Host. Al vitlars do so, whats a ioynt of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince You gentlewoman.

Dol. What saies your grace?

Fal. His grace saies that which his flesh rebels against.

Peyto knockes at doore.

Host. Who knockes so lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there Francis.

Prince Peyto, how now, what newes?

Peyto The King your father is at Weminster, And there are twenty weake and wearied postes, Come from the North, and as I came along I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines, Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking euery one for sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Prince By heauen Poynes, I feele me much too blame, So idely to prophane the precious time, When tempest of commotion like the south, Borne with blacke vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads, Giue me my sword and cloke: Falstaffe, good night.

Exeunt Prince and Poynes.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsell of the night, & we must hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore? how now, whats the matter?

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Bar.